THE QUEEN OF CLUBS. date of three and clubs of a score, tens and obstes more and more, tepsho and Psyche clubs galore; Class of archicologic research, Class to consider the school and church, To cleanse from society every smirch; cirbs of science and clubs of song, for the righting and curing of every wrong that to mankind can ever belong;

Sanitation is their despair, Merobes, 100, come in for a share; Telement crowds and pure fresh air; Enerature in every part, Scalpture, history, knowledge, art, Analysis of the home and heart;

Social and economic laws, frime and poverty clause on clause, Mr's degeneracy the cause.

Isit alone by my glowing grate.
If sel that the century waxeth late.
By wife is studying church and state. erciopedias piled up still, of dictionaries I've had my fill, Buller and Darwin, Spencer and Mill.

think of my grandmother's easy chair, ger knitting in peace by the chimney then fer stories, and then of her tranquil air.

and I wonder sometimes, though I never say, we all this worry and fuss can pay. That steals the calm of our lives away. and Hong sometimes with a pain that smarts for some of my darling's forgotten arts, for the joy and peace of my queen of hearts.

of course I'm a century late, and then they say we are jealous over again. We're out of fashion, we stupid men.

think, but I say it under my breath, flat I fear my wife will be chabled to death _E. P. Seabury in New York Sun.

DWARF'S BROTHER. Miss Stanley was a pink and white

nglish girl, very tall and shapely. e Mexican girls, who ordered out eir carriages if they had a block go, used to look upon her with pazement as she tramped down eirsteepstreets with a fine, swingg, heel and toe gait.

She was picking her way one day ong the venders in the plaza. opping once in awhile to give me whining beggar or tattered onstrosity a centavo when she felt r skirt pulled. Looking, she saw tiny hand held out, and a childish see piped the usual formula for ms. The little creature was no ller than a child of 4. But the ce! It was old and withered. The es were sunken and so old! Miss anley pulled back the reboze. e hair was gray.

"A dwarf!" she thought, with a tle feeling of repulsion. "How i are you?'

"Fifty-four," piped up the wee ing. Then, true to her sex: "The jest will tell you 58, but I am not. m only 54." She said her name s Rosita.

sita, it appeared, did nearly Rosita, it appeared, did nearly othing for a living, begging prefably, although that is a someat overcrowded profession in xico. Sometimes she sold chickor vegetables on a commission. e had another source of income, ing pensioner on the bounty of a nng man, a centavo a week, but e confessed sadly he made her mpfor the coin, and if he held his out straight she might jump in

in; she could not reach it.
"The brute!" said Miss Stanley.
sita did not know the meaning, she looked up, pleased. That sgood. The English lady was takan interest in her, for the expleong emotion, which she construed crably.

the poor in Mexico are always pgry, and Miss Stanley, knowing failing, took Rosita to a little room restaurant. The menu confined strictly to Mexican

liss Stanley noticed that Rosita half her dinner to one side, apping the carne and frijoles in tillas. When she came to a dulce some tropic fruit boiled in a p of cane sugar, her little wrindeyes looked wistful.

How can I take some to my little ther;" she asked.

liss Stanley asked another ques-"Is this food you have put ay for your brother?"

Yes," answered Rosita in her We are alone, and I work

him. He is locked in the room Seei" And she held up the live key peculiar to Mexican

Why is he locked in?" asked" Stanley as she directed the to put the dinner in a couple ollas for Rosita to take to her

He has combats with the chilin the street, and I am afraid one will get hurt," she an-

s Stanley watched her trot y, laden with the dinner for her er. So little and so old, unlike y dwarfs, not bulky, indeed illy thin. It was not until she hed her home that Miss Stanley

bered she had not asked how the "little brother" was. e often met Rosita after that, times in the jardin, where the nodded overhead, and violets ed underfoot, and the band ed softly and sweetly, as Mexibands do. Rosita would dart the circling stream of pelado

the inner circle, where the qual-valked under the trees or sat on ron benches. Miss Stanley could resist the little, dirty, badly ed square of drawn work held

y the tiny hand. metimes in the plaza, where venders called their various and vegetables with long in, walling cries, Miss Stainley it suddenly hear at her elbow thrill squesk of Rosita as she and the victoria. ad the virtues of an attenuated "May gordo, nina-take it—hit in your hand. It is heavy ad belief." she would insist

holding up the unattractive bundle tresh air and to reheve himself or aid not answer that, but as she let of feathers to the "child."

Constance Stanley had no father or mother, and, living with a brother who was endeavoring to effect dance, in a faint green brocade, the drainage of "the richest silver mine in the world," she wandered unchecked through the crowded, narrow streets of the old town, with a young criada her only safeguard.

dark street that plunged downward over her. As he had a lot of posses from the paved and civilized one. It was damp and murky, a stair- father and an ancient and honorable case of stone, with crumbling adobe walls two and three stories high. of color. The men loafed about, lean and ragged. It reminded her of Naples. The doorways swarmed with babies and dogs, poverty those innocents.

Down she went. The street made an abrupt turn. At the corner she was startled by seeing, protruding from a hole cut in a squalid doorway, several long, black fingers. They were withdrawn, and she saw as she passed the door two bloodshot eyes peering out like beasts'

"Nina, ninita, the good mother of God sent you, and see what gain will be yours!" Turning, Miss Stanley beheld Rosita at her heel. She had a plate to sell-a coarse, ironstone china plate, chipped and cracked. There was a look of intense anxiety on her old face, and her wee hands shook as she drew her treasure forth from under her rebozo. The plate was impossible, and Constance, breaking that fact very gently to the little dwarf, was astonished to see the tears gather and fall over her shriveled cheeks.

"For two days, senorita, I have not dared unlock that door." And she nodded toward the mean portal where the eyes had shone and the fingers protruded restlessly. " 'Little brother' has nothing to eat, except the few tortillas the poor around here could give, and many of these go hungry from the sun's coming up until the sun's going down."

Constance sent her servant and Rosita to the plaza for some cooked food, and while she waited she talked in the doorways with Pepita and Lola and Juana. They told her how Rosita worked and starved for her brother.

"How old is he?" asked Constance.

"Quien sabe?" they said. "Is he a child or is he big enough to work for her?" she asked impa-

"Ah, he is grandote, but also he is loco, un maniatico. See; that is Jose now who glares from the hole in the door."

Miss Stanley listened to them with that rapt attention we all give to dens.' tales of the mad: He dug deep holes in the earth floor, burrowing like an animal. Sometimes he escaped in that way, and then there was fear in the narrow street, and the shriek full of appeal. She recogpolice after a bloody fight would nized Rosita's voice and ran with drag him shricking back to the one her criada at her side into the low sounded profane, and profanity poor room Rosita called home. She open doorway she had always put food through the shudderingly avoided. door to him before venturing to open it.

menaced the peace of the street. That was when he killed the sereno. A policeman had teased him as he much as people tease a hyena snarling in a cage. The mad have memodark room and, finding the key Rosita's small cunning had hidden, opened the door, crept again softly up the street to an adobe doorway where was sleeping a sereno, his Constance rushed forward with a head on his knees. The police have a day and a night shift, but one cannot expect a madman to know everything. So it was an innocent man who had his neck wrung as the cook | stance turned with her hands thrown / voice. "I take all the care | does a chicken's. They could only ages what then happened. There were only the pulsing stars looking silently down and the great, calm moon. However, it was evident he must have dragged and worried and cased that poor piece of clay for God knows how far or long.

They found him asleep by the dead sereno, and, although too polite in the "Land of the Noonday Sun" to manacle or chain, they took the precaution to tie with stout maguey rope Jose's slumbering bulk before six of the largest policemen would venture to carry him to the carcel. People of Jose's kind are treated with deference in Mexico. So after some time the man was sent back for the dwarf to feed and care for, and Rosita's face took on

more wrinkles each day. By the time Rosita returned with the food Constance, who understood Spanish very well, had heard much of the "little brother."

She declined to look through the peephole at him ravening over his dinner like a wild beast. Followed by Rosita's wordy gratitude, she limbed to the top of the street and

there met Mr. Dysert. Mr. Dysart had but lately risen from the following letter:

from the following letter:

Dram Monare—Tell father I am looking after the mining business in great shape. Merico is eather folly. I went to the governor's ball last night. Only one Ebglish girl there, Miss Stanley; swful pretty girl. I know her brother. Dick Stanley, at Trinity. Won a cup at the three mile. Ge's a pretty good sort. Tall Bob if he can get that liver colored bitch of Oglethorpe for eight guiness to buy her. Look out for Total's foot. Don't let the old duffer from the Clancarty stables fool with it. Tell all the "old folk" that Master Tony sent them love and wishin them a good pratic crop. Love to dry land yourself.

After Tuny Dynart had 6volved.

After Tony Dysart had evolved this characteristic missive from his insides he went out for a swellow of | "Do you want me, though?" She

the strain of composition by a long

Constance was very lovely at the with a quantity of creamy old lace. Some crimson poppies were twisted round her ivory shoulders. One or two more of the flaming flowers shor ofrom her pale gold hair. Mr. She had often longed to explore a Dysart completely lost his head sions in Ireland, among them a rich

ancestry, he could afford to do so. He was thinking of her as she had Across the street's narrow width looked the night before when sudfluttered strings of washing. The denly she appeared, with her servwomen, with their red petticoats ant, coming up from a street dark and blue rebozos, made bright blots | and deep, like a well, for already it was getting dusk.

On the strength of being at college with her brother, he began with true manly irascibility to take her marching always side by side with | to task for her imprudence, but Miss Constance tightened up her soft, haughty mouth and, giving him the rear curve of a tweed shoulder to study, led him a chase home.

The house the brother and sister occupied had been Senor Lopez's, but was presented to Dick, together with a mine worth millions, several black eyed girls and what other trifling property Don Felipe owned. However, Dick continued to pay the rent regularly and gazed on the girls from afar. The hanging lamp was lighted in the zaguan, and when the mozo unchained the great double doors a flood of melody and fragrance rushed out to greet them from the birds and flowers in the dim patio. Dick, in a smoking jacket, lounged out from the sala to insist that Tony, old boy, should

That was the first difference beween the brother and sister. Dick adored Tony, and every night they pumped out the mine or rode to hounds over the sala floor. But Constance detested him and, contrary to her usual reticence, said so. She tramped around the disreputable and filthy streets twice as much as before, for she knew it annoyed him. Sometimes she would see him following, and she resented his es-

take tea with them, which he did.

"Why don't you like Tony?" Dick would ask. "You know my theory, Connie, that a sporty man like Dysart makes the best husband."

"Oh, Dick! Who is talking about husbands? I think that a man who is utterly doggy and horsy and takes Browning to be an authority on pinkeye or glanders is a very poor companion. To quote your 'dear Tony,' 'we don't trot in the same class.' "

Dick gave a contemptuous snort. This was one day at luncheon, and Constance, instead of the good cry she pined for, took a walk. She had not seen Rosita for some time, and she turned her steps toward what Mr. Dysart called "those cutthroat

She had never seen the street so deserted. All were taking a siesta, even the dogs. As she reached the sharp corner she heard a thin little

There, snapping his teeth and rolling his bloodshot eyes, was Rosita's Once for a long time he had not "little brother" tied with strong ropes to an iron pin in the wall, but his arms were free, and he stood naked to the waist, a giant in size. peered from the hole in the door, He had secured the key and had almost pulled the staple from the wall, but Rosita was clinging to his ries, for Jose, one night when the arm and calling for help. To and moon was big, crept softly about the 'fro he swung her as a wolf might a

> He had the key in his black, cruel hands, and he brought it down on her upturned face. Then again, as scream, the key fell with a crunch on the little old gray head.

> At that moment the pin gave way. for adobe walls are not strong. Conout wildly. Over Rosita's body the madman tripped with a crash to the earth floor. Just as he fell he caught Constance's gown in his grasp. She fell with him and, felling, knew the room had filled with a clattering crowd, and that Tony Dysart, smooth shaven and blond, loomed above all.

> Constance, with the help of her criada, got out in the street, where she listened with beating heart to the cries, curses and scuffling going on inside.

There was one dominating, awful

groan, then a sinister silence. A moment of sickening uncertainty for that unemotional young English woman, and Tony Dysart, panting, his clothes torn and blood stains on his face and hands, came

He walked firmly enough to give Constance a helping arm up the

He said Rosita was dead, and he thought the "little brother" would die also, for while he was struggling with him a policeman had crept up and struck him over the head with a heavy iron bar. "Here we are at the Casa Stan-

ley," she said as they stopped be-fore the carved doors. "Come in. Dick will want to see you. He can thank you better than I." "No one can thank me like you."

Tony replied. "And I must go to the hotel. This arm of mine pains a little. No, not broken," he answered, trying to smile, "but 'little brother' wrenched it a trifle." Constance, however, would not

accept his easy assurance that it was all right. "You must come in. Dick will want you."

the buccker fall turned with tears in her eyes.

"Will you come, Tony?" "I will come," he insisted, "if you want me." The big doors swung open.

"I want you," she said slowly. And the doors clanged behind them.—Edith Wagner in San Fran-

Are There Greeks In Greece?

cisco A gonaut.

I am unable for one to accept the theory that the modern Greeks are in any real sense either the true representatives of the ancient Greek race or the repository of its traditions. There are more true Greeks in Constantinople itself than in the whole of King George's realm; almost as many in Smyrna. The people bear traces everywhere—not to enter into the disputed question of the Semitic origin of the Greeks of old—of the supremacy of the Turks for 400 years of modern history. The Albanian element is also diffused far and wide. And if there be, as there unquestionably is, left in Athens a remnant of the Greek spirit, it is shown less in arts-or in arms-than in the unrest and the desire for "some new thing" which St. Paul, in common with the best minds of ancient Greece, satirized and deplored. "They spend their time in nothing else," said the apostle of the gentiles, "than discussing or inventing the news of the day."

They live in a perpetual fever of what a British tar the day of my arrival called "jaw." "Murder most foul" flashes from their eyes as they dispute the simplest proposition. Gestures of physical intimidation accompany such a statement as that the Greek fleet is more powerful if smaller, than that of the Turks. Shrieks and half a dozen talking together emphasize such a question of fact as that there is a vessel going that night from the Piræus to Volo. Not one in 1,000 can form the slightest idea of what the elder Pliny meant when he said, "Ipsa silentia adoremus." That is left for the western suddenly plunged into their midst.-Fortnightly Review.

The Origin of "Dixie."

There have been many accounts as to the origin of "Dixie." The one most commonly accepted is that it grew note by note of its own volition, and that Emmett simply put on paper something that already ex-

The truth is that Emmett had the single line "I wish I was in Dixie" to start with. Now, oddly enough, "Dixie" or "Dixie land" originally referred to an estate on Manhattan Island, owned by a man of the name of Dixy early in the last century. Dixy was an extensive slave holder until the spread of the antislavery sentiment in the north and the constantly increasing risk that attended the ownership of this kind of property forced him either to sell or remove his slaves south, and from these slaves or their descend. ants came the expression "Dixie land," signifying their attachment for their old home and master.

The phrase passed into the current speech of the people, gradually

losing all local reference. But a chance allusion by John Randolph to Mason and Dixon's line, in a speech delivered by him in 1820, revived the memory of that now famous survey, and in some way "Dixie"—doubtless from its similarity to Dixon-was given a place in the south, for when Emmett first heard the expression as a young man it was from the lips of circus men, who when caught by a spell of unseasonable weather in the north were wont to wish they were in "Dixie land."—Recreation.

Garrison Duty Unpopular.

The opposition of the enlisted men of the volunteer regiments to garrison duty in Cuba, Porto Rico or the Philippines, where the epidemic of homesickness is said to be especially marked, would be less embarrassing to the war department, If the soldiers of the regular army were not also much averse to service in tropical islands. The Associated Press reports many descritons from the regular regiments in Camp Wikoff which are known to be due to the fear of the troops that they will be called on before long to go back to Cuba. They want no more of that country.

Between the reluctance of the volunteers to do garrison work in any territory and the dread of Cuba which is so marked among the regulars, the problem of finding plenty of willing men to keep the military forces of the nation at the neccessary strength is likely to become rather difficult. The solution may have to be sought in the subordination of the desires of the soldiers to the needs of their country. It may be impossible to let all go home who are tired of service. - Cleveland Leader.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Chart Flitching

- A snail farm has been started by farmer of Auet, France. He has already 200,000 of these creatures, and they est as much green fodder as two

- Few burdens are so heavy as a pair of empty hands.

THE GHOST DANCE.

Told by Chief Little Wound. "Indian logic has always been difficult to overcome by the whites who have to deal with the government wards," said Dr. McGillieuddy, exagent at Pine Ridge agency, "but the most embarrassing position I was ever in was when we representatives of the government sought to treat with the Indians in their religious uprising at Pine Ridge in 1890. The story of the outbreak has never est; but, like the sword and the baybeen told with such clearness as at one of our conferences.

"There were assembled at Pine traditions of valor even in our own Ridge agency in December, 1890, a few days prior to the Wounded Knee burg, is already gone, and another battle, several government officers decade will still forever the inspiritand the Kiyaksa war chief Little ing martial music of the drum. Wound, now leading chief of the Sioux Nation. Little Wound was asked if he blamed the agent for the triotic pride and martial ardor while coming of the soldiers to stop the gazing upon the well known picture ghost dance. He answered 'No' and of the Revolution, the "Minutemen

have asked me about this thing I screaming of the fife, sounded by will tell you. The holy men have two scarred veterans, bareheaded, for many years been telling us that white haired and in their shirt ages and ages ago you white people sleeves, marching through fields and became very wicked. You lost the along the roads, calling the patriots right road and denied your Great to arms! Spirit. He finally took pity on you and sent his Son from the happy hunting grounds to save you and bring you back and show you the way to live. He was called the Messiah. We are told that he lived with you over 30 years and worked hard and blowing a fife. The British to save you from your wickedness, troops, who were about to land, hurbut you had lost your ears. Your brains were in a whirl, and you whole army lay in ambush to rewould not think right. You threw him away from you and finally nailed him upon a great wooden cross, stuck a spear in his side and killed him, and he returned to the happy hunting grounds with a tired heart. It was told at the time that he would come again some time and that when he did come the hearts of the people would be good. That would mean plenty to eat, and there would be no more war. "'A few moons ago a young

northern Cheyenne warrior came to us. He said he had come after many days' journey from the far west: that near a great lake shore he had met the Messiah, a tall white man with golden hair and beard, blue eyes and a good tongue. He said he had again been so sent by the Great Spirit; that all the people would be happy now, for the Great Spirit had taken pity on the world; there would be no more war; the buffalo would come back, and we would be persecuted no more, but would all live together, and when the green grass came in the spring he would visit the different tribes of men and teach them how to live. But he said that many people had denied him, and at last killed him. Now he had arranged certain signs and a dance by which, when he should come to a tribe, he would know whether they would receive him. Those signs he taught to the Cheyenne and told him to teach the people.

"'Now, whether this old story of the holy man and what the C enne told us is true I do not know, but I got my young men together and told them that if it was a good thing we should have it, but if it was not it would fall to the ground itself, and I told them to learn this dance, so that if the Messiah does come he will not pass us by. My friends, this is all we know about

the Messiah and the ghost dance.' "After a few moments the old chief turned to me and said:

"'You lived with us many years. We trust you. Will you tell me if this that has been told us about the Messiah is true-that he will come and by his coming will bring back the buffalo, make us a strong people to live on the land the Great Spirit has given us? What is the white man afraid of? Why has he brought the soldiers here to deprive us of the dance? After robbing us of our game and lands does he now want to rob us of our Great Spirit and our religion?'

"A few days later came the battle of Wounded Knee, resulting in the death of 2 officers and 35 men of the regular army and 145 Indians. Two days subsequently the Brule Sioux, under the leadership of Little Wound, surrounded General Forsyth and the famous Seventh cavalry in the canyon of White Clay and held them until they were rescued by the Ninth cavalry under Colonel Guy V. Henry. The 'second coming' was again deferred."—Sioux Falls Letter in New York Sun.

The Real Thing. Mudge—Won't you try one of these cigarettes? They are the real

Yabsley—I thought they smelled as if they were all wool.—Indianapolis Journal.

Modern

Sprockett-I was proposing to her when she told me that her isther had failed. Wheeler-What did you do?

Sprockett-I back pedaled.-Pick

For broken surfaces, sores, insect bites, burns, akin diseases and especially piles there is one reliable remedy, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. When you call for DeWitt's don't accept counterfeits or frauds. You will not be disappointed with DeWitt's Hazel Salve. Evans Phar-

- Self-pleasure is always a failure in the end. - Young Miss-"I don't want any

PASSING OF THE DRUM.

Cause of the Indian Uprising of 1890 as Et Will Soon Disappear In Connection With Army Life.

Lieutenant Con Marrast Perkins of the United States Marine corps writes an article entitled "The Last of the Drums" for St. Nicholas. Lieutenant Perkins says:

I think few know that of all the time honored equipments of war which these days of military progress have left us the drum is the oldonet, the drum is fast disappearing. Its companion, the fife, hallowed by history, from Lexington to Gettys-

What boy has not felt his pulses thrill and his heart swell with paof 1876" forsaking the plowshare "'My friends, over 60 winters and flying to take down the old have passed over my head. I am flintlock at the tocsin of war-the too old to dance. Now that you throbbing of the drum and the shrill

Every New England schoolboy has read the story of Abigail and Elizabeth, the sisters of Newburyport who during the Revolution repelled alone an attack of the British by beating furiously an old drum ried back to their ships, thinking a pulse them.

Thus did a fife and drum drive off be enemy and save a town from Principal. the enemy and save a town from pillage and ruin.

The military drum is supposed to have been introduced in Europe by the Moors and Saracens during the middle ages and was quickly adopted by armies. The drum of today differs little, and in appearance only, from the earliest form. It consists, as every boy knows, of two pieces of parchment or batter heads stretched over the ends of a hollow cylinder, and is struck with sticks. For ages this instrument has been known among savage tribes and barbario nations, who use its weird music to accompany their religious rites, as well as for war purposes.

The tomtom of the Sioux Indian is a good example of a primitive

In civilized warfare the drum has ever been connected with deeds of martial valor, and its voice is dear to the heart of the soldier who has followed its pulsing into the deadly fire of battle, or even in reviews and military parades, when rank upon rank sweep up a street keeping perfect alignment and step to the drum's inspiring beat.

It has found a place in history through the daring bravery of more than one beardless boy who has sounded at the critical moment the pas de charge or "rally" just in time to turn the tide of battle.

Johnny Clem, the "drummer boy of Shiloh," who beat the rally with out orders when his regiment had broken, panic stricken, and thus helped to save the day, was made an officer for his heroism and is now a major in the United States army.

In fable, song and story the drum has ever kept pace with the most valiant deeds of men. Rudyard Kipling's pathetic little story of "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," two courageous drummer boys who at the cost of their own lives led the charge and saved the honor of their regiment when routed by the Afghans, tells of a deed such as is to be found in history as well as in fiction. More than once has the drum claimed a place in the front rank of storming battalions and led desperate charges in the van of a EXTRAORDINARILY LIBERAL TERMS victorious army.

What worder, then, that we look sorrowfully into the future, when battling will no longer be inspired by the "war drum's throb," for we know that the advance of military science, with all its death dealing machine guns, magazine rifles and its smokeless powder, will surely sound the knell of the drum.

The True Use of Tranquillity. "Tranquillity is a good thing in its way," said Mr. Staybolt, "but it should be sparingly indulged or it is likely to turn one into a sluggard. At best it is but the sauce of life. The food upon which men grow is action."-New York Sun.

Masses and Classes. Teacher—How many divisions of mankind are there? Bobby-My paw says it is divided into the people who earn a living without getting it and those who get a living without earning it.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Reserved. George-I just saw you coming from the conservatory with Miss Goldie. Rather handsome girl, but too reserved for me.

Thomas-Yes. I've just reserved her for life.—Pearson's Weekly.

a burden by trying to convert him. He will allege that she kneels and prays for him before she serves dinner authors, a capital humor page, comnight to ask him if he was feeling any man to ask me all of a sudden to mar- symptoms of a charge of heart. She will ry him." Old Miss-"Neither do I; get the reward in Heaven, no doubt, still, I'd try to offset it by accepting but the poor woman will be divorced and the Anderson Intelligences together one year for \$2.20.

Settling the Bridegroom,

It takes a bright woman to rebuke another woman's rudeness, a general statement borne out by the following story: A lady entered a railway train and took a seat in front of a newly married couple. She was scarcely seated before they began to pass remarks about her. Her last year's bonnet and cloak were fully criticised, with more or less giggling on the part of the bride, and there is no telling what might have come next if the lady had not put a sudden stop to the conversation by a bit of strategy. She turned her head, noticed that the bride was considerably older than the groom and in the smoothest of tones said :

"Madam, will you please ask your son to close the window behind you?" The "son" closed his mouth, and the bride no longer giggled.

LAND FOR SALE.

700 Acres of good Farming Land in the most progressive sections of Oconee County, S. C. Will divide in lots and sell on terms to suit purchasers

chasers.
W. O. HAMILTON, Seneca, S. C.

Notice Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Mamie Campbell, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 1st day of October, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Admin-T. A. CAMPBELL, Adm'r. Aug 31, 1898 10 5

BELTON HIGH SCHOOL,

BELTON, S. C. A. G. HOLMES,

A good corps of experienced teachers, among them Mr. A. G. Holmes, who gave such general satisfaction the past session. Our students take high stands wherever they go. The Colleges recognize our thorough work. We try to practice common sense in education as well as in other matters.

Send us your sons and daughters and we will do them good.

Send to W. B. West, Belton, S. C., for CHARLESTON AND WESTERN

CAROLINA RAILWAY. AUGUSTA AND ASEEVILLE SHORT LINE

In ellect August 7	, 1898.	
Lv Augusta. Ar Greenwood. Ar Anderson. Ar Laurens. Ar Groenville. Ar Groenville. Ar Spartanburg. Ar Saluda. Ar Hendersonville. Ar Asheville.	11 50 am 1 20 pm 3 00 pm 4 05 pm 8 10 pm 5 83 pm 6 03 pm	6 10 6m 7 00 am 10 15 am
Lv Ashoville Lv Apartanburg Lv Glenn Springs Lv Gerenville Lv Laurons Lv Anderson Lv Greenwood Ar Augusta	8 28 am 11 45 am 10 00 am 12 01 am 1 37 pm 2 87 pm 5 10 pm	3 05 pm 4 00 pm 8 80 pm
Lv Calhoun Falls Ar Raleigh Ar Norfolk Ar Petersburg Ar Richmond	4 44 pm 2 16 am 7 80 am 6 00 am	
Lv Augusta. Ar Allendale. Ar Pairfax Ar Yemassee. Ar Boaufort. Ar Port Royal. Ar Savannah. Ar Charlecton.	9 45 am 10 50 am 11 05 am	2 55 pm 5 00 pm 5 15 pm 6 20 pm 7 20 pm 7 85 pm
Lv Charleston Lv Savannah Lu Port 2-yeal kv Beautort Lv Yemasseo Lv Fairfax Lv Allendale Ar Augusta	1 40 pm 1 55 pm 8 05 pm	6 00 am 6 50 am 8 80 am 8 40 am 9 45 am 10 51 am 11 05 am

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